

NORTH CAROLINA

ALL AGAINST ONE ROAD

Other Railroads Not Attacked on the Free Pass Business.

OPEN WINTER BREAKS ALL RECORDS

No Fear of Smallpox—Winston Will Celebrate—Analysis of Food Products—Seaboard Shops to Be Rebuilt—Heavy Demand for Fertilizer Tags.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24.—(Special).—It has been reported that several officials of railroads other than the Southern have been summoned before the railway commission this week to give evidence regarding the issue of free passes. It is an error. The new commissioners have so far directed their entire attack against the Southern railway.

It has also been reported that the commission had issued an order forbidding the issue of passes to members of the families of railway employees. This is an error also, as the commission has not yet taken up that matter. The railways have asked that it be passed upon and the question settled.

Maxey L. John, of Rockingham, of counsel for John Evans, the negro under death sentence to rape, arrived this morning and urged Governor Russell to grant the prisoner a further reprieve in order that some alleged new evidence may be inquired into.

There is no end of talk about the wonderful weather. It is one of the most open winters ever known in this part of North Carolina. Fall sown crops look well, but there is entirely too little wheat and oats. Thrifty farmers are clearing lands and considerable plowing is done. There appears to be not the least concern of action as to the reduction of the acreage in cotton; in fact, one hears little talk in this section about the matter.

There is to be quite a celebration by Winston people of the completion, some time in June, of the Mooreville and Mocksville railway. It is really a very important link.

It was expected when the penitentiary bought the phosphate mines at Castle Hayne that a large force of convicts would be put up there and the output of the mine be made larger than ever before, but so far very little mining seems to have been done.

What little fear there was in this city regarding small pox has entirely abated, as news comes from Wilmington that there is no epidemic.

State Chemist W. A. Withers says the State experiment station will this week begin the analysis of all the food products on sale in North Carolina. It first takes up sugar, having bought in open market here some of all kinds on sale. This new movement is regarded as important, as it is believed that there is much adulteration of various foods.

E. V. Patterson, of Winston, is elected chief marshal of the next commencement of the university.

It is believed that the shops of the Seaboard Air Line here will be rebuilt. It is alleged that one of the reasons for their not having been rebuilt immediately after the fire which destroyed them in the spring of 1896 was that investigation showed the fire to have been of incendiary origin.

H. G. Ewart feels perfectly certain that he will get the appointment as United States judge.

A gang of State convicts was to-day sent to the stone quarry here belonging to the State, from which the city is taking granite for street improvements. These convicts will get out stone to be used on the streets around the Capitol Square.

At the agricultural department it is said that the sales of fertilizer tags is very large, but yet not quite so large as those last spring, which broke all records.

The farmers' institutes which are to be again held this year by the board of agriculture will not, the secretary of the board says, begin before August. The Southern Railway to-day filed exceptions to the reduction of the freight



In all the wide range of human sorrow there is no more pitiful tragedy than that of the death of a mother at childbirth. It cuts off a life just at the moment when it has achieved its greatest duty and at the very outset of its greatest happiness. It leaves a helpless, motherless babe to the care of strangers who have no blood interest in its welfare. Kind as a Sister of Charity or a nurse may be, they cannot replace the loving ministrations of a mother. This ever recurring tragedy could be avoided if women would but learn the vital importance of caring for the health and vigor of the delicate organs that bear the burdens of maternity. The woman who neglects weakness and disease of these organs is unfitted for motherhood and it only holds out to her the certainty of agonizing pain and possible death. A safe, sure, and speedy cure for all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It prepares for motherhood by making these organs strong, healthy and elastic. If taken during the period preceding motherhood it banishes the usual discomforts. It insures a healthy baby and makes its advent easy, almost painless. It provides ample nourishment for the new-comer, and shortens the mother's period of illness and debility. It is the best of all known medicines for women and over 90,000 of them have said so over their signatures. If you want to know more of it write to its discoverer, Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

A good, practical home medical work is the best friend and adviser a young wife can have. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is such a book. It contains 1000 pages and 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women and facts that every wife and mother should know. Over a million women possess copies of it. A new edition is ready and will be given away absolutely FREE. If you want a paper-covered copy send at once, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

CONNECTICUT MIRACLES.

Sick and Dying Cured in a Most Wonderful Way.

Walking in the green in New Haven I was confronted by a tall, dark-eyed man whose face seemed familiar, yet I could not identify him. He was the picture of health and his large brown eyes seemed to fasten on me. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but your name is familiar. May I ask your name?" "J. M. Bennett," I replied. A smile crept over his face and his eyes closed as though he were trying to think of something. "Another question, please. Where were you from August 14, 1887?" "On the Dutch Atlantic ocean," I said, "en route for Europe." "Were you on the French steamer La Gasconne?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Then," he said slowly, "you are the man I am largely indebted to for saving my life." "You interest me," I said, "for I did not know that I had a credit in this or any other work or thing of human life." "You will remember," he said, "that late on the evening of the 11th of August, at the stern of the boat, you and I had a talk, and you said you were home-gotten through with your business in Germany and could return home. I replied that I expected when I returned home it would be in a box, and that I wished that I was in the bottom of the furrow made in the water by the keel of our ship. He said, 'You must be the man that I have heard of.' 'Ghost,' he said. 'The same man,' he said, 'and you will remember introducing me to Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, a physician, who, you said was the most wonderful specialist in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases the earth has ever produced.' I remember the incident well. Dr. Flower and his secretary were passing on La Gasconne, and in introducing you I told you that if any man could help you, Dr. Flower was the man. After I was examined by Dr. Flower, my troubles, as I had told you, were consumption, Bright's disease, catarrh of the bladder, and a host of other ailments, and my limbs had swelled to the size of my body nearly. I had been given up as incurable by the leading physicians of France and New York, and had been sent abroad, as I knew, as to die away from home. Dr. Flower in his wonderful examination, told me all the diseases I had, and he said that he would cure me. He said that he would cure me in one hour without asking me a question. He told me a thing, I made up my mind immediately that Dr. Flower was the doctor I needed. He did not belong to the ordinary class of doctors, and was a man of culture, of great knowledge and rare attainments, and that his wonderful diagnosis of my case was nothing less than a miraculous demonstration of his supernatural power from a superior brain. I placed myself immediately under his care. He seemed to have everything I needed with him. During his three-hour examination in Paris and London I visited him frequently. I rapidly improved and was turning to San Francisco. I continued my treatment for four or five months and was permanently cured. If it had not been for Dr. Flower I should have been a dead man ten years ago, and in place of having a family of four boys and three fatherless girls would have been struggling for sustenance, and if it had not been for you I never would have met Dr. Flower. He has done more for me than I can tell. He has given me a new life, and I shall ever sound the praises of Dr. Flower in the sick room, as he has done. I have sung them at the Golden Gate."

I spent a lovely evening with my friend of the ocean voyage, and before retiring last night I made up my mind as he had entered into newspaper work, I would investigate Dr. R. C. Flower's practice in Connecticut, and that if it showed the same wonderful examinations and miraculous cures and bore the same charmed history that the cure of Philo E. Brosius of San Francisco bears, I would give it to the world as the most fascinating narrative of true interest and charm, and second, that the sick may know where to find help when all others had failed.

INVESTIGATION BEGINS.

"Procuring the names of a few of Dr. R. C. Flower's patients and from these patients hearing of others, I began an investigation of his practice which all critics will confess is phenomenal if not miraculous. Judge Dwight Loomis, 278 Farmington avenue, Hartford, Conn., when asked what he thought of Dr. R. C. Flower, said promptly, in his concise and pointed way, 'I regard Dr. R. C. Flower as the ablest and most wonderful physician of his age and in every way a remarkable and wonderful man. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick.'"

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

ADVERTISING FOR A COFFIN.

Hundreds of others voice Judge Loomis' sentiments. Sumner L. Deane, 119 Capitol avenue, Hartford, Conn., proprietor of Hotel Brainerd, said in answer to the question as to what he knew of Dr. Flower's treatment and cure of the sick: "I had Bright's disease of the kidney. Doctors for months with the best physicians in Hartford, and grew rapidly worse all the time. My physician informed me that my days were numbered, and that I could not live more than three weeks. Satisfied that it was all over with me, and wishing to save what means I had for my family, I advertised in the Courant to exchange some large show cases I had left in my store."

FOR A COFFIN.

"Just at this time Dr. R. C. Flower made a professional visit to Hartford. As it happened, however, that I was and some of my friends carried me to the Adams House to see Dr. Flower. Without asking me a question the doctor told me my ailments, and I was cured. I have since for years past better than I could have told him. Three leading city physicians had just held a consultation over me and said with one voice that I was suffering from Bright's disease, and that I had four days to live. I was in the last stage of Bright's disease, not a drop of red blood in my veins, my urine nearly solid albumen, a jelly, and I was monstrously swollen. Dr. Flower said if I could live until he got his medicine to me he believed he could cure me. He telephoned my order to his local office, and the next morning my medicines arrived, but I had gone down rapidly during the night, and the next morning was at death's door. My family doctor said I could not live until night. My wife began pouring Dr. Flower's medicines down me in a good wifely way. It was a terrible race between death and life, but thank God, I had Dr. Flower on my side and by night I was better. I continued to improve and in a few months I was cured. My friends said that if there was ever a miracle my case was one. I was actually buried in the jaws of the grave after I had been chilled and numbed with the touch of death. Dr. Flower is the greatest man the great doctor on this earth. I have sent several of my sick friends to him, and he has cured them in the same miraculous way."

The above is from an article which was recently published in the Hartford (Conn.) Courant. It created no end of excitement at the time, and the more it is investigated the greater will be the excitement.

Dr. Flower's cures, which for nearly a generation has excited the sick of the world, have increased during the last year greater than ever. A famous author writes of Dr. Flower's cures: "The wonderful success was the topic of conversation at almost every New England breakfast table. That but few New Englanders were not made happy by his marvelous cures, and that he loved one after they had been given up by others to die. Never before in the history of Dr. Flower's practice had he had the great success in his life. His ability to tell any sick person their disease without asking a question, but by the touch of his hand, puts him at the very head of the profession in the treatment of all chronic troubles, no matter of how long standing."

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad company said sixteen years ago, after he had been cured by Dr. Flower: "I have been cured by Dr. Flower. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick."

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

Autumn Styles.

Flatly applied silk braids ending in loops three or four inches long are generously added to coat fronts, wrists and pocket-laps. Narrow fur edgings are popular in combination with very broad flat braids upon out-of-door garments. Their effect is dignified, and as a decoration they are sufficient for the most elegant of tailor-made gowns, as well as for wraps and coats.

Black cloths, fine and soft as velvets, and black goods in all sorts of fanciful weavings are worn by maids and matrons alike.

Thin, flexible linings are advised for blouses because their adjustment is more satisfactory. Needful warmth may be secured by wearing a knitted jersey or a glove-fitting cashmere wool jacket.

Empire gowns have been adopted by many tasteful and fashionable women to the exclusion of all other attire. They become many figures and are comfortable to all.

Gray, soft woollens trimmed with white or a darker shade of gray are favored for the Empire gowns worn by young and rosy-faced women. A knot or choux of yellow or scarlet velvet is desirable at the left front of the throat

or upon the bosom of the gown. White cloth, cashmere, and drap d'ete are worn in demi-toilettes and even as full dress. They are trimmed on skirt and bodice with bands of black velvet ribbon or bias folds of velvet or satin, with black lace insertion or web lace set in between. Sometimes black open passementerie alternates with black folds or ribbons.—The Delineator.

Consumption Positively Cured.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant of Chihuahua, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been leading to business and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the greatest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Burrow, Martin & Co.'s Drug store.

See Dr. Weck in reference to your eyes.

Walking in the green in New Haven I was confronted by a tall, dark-eyed man whose face seemed familiar, yet I could not identify him. He was the picture of health and his large brown eyes seemed to fasten on me. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but your name is familiar. May I ask your name?" "J. M. Bennett," I replied. A smile crept over his face and his eyes closed as though he were trying to think of something. "Another question, please. Where were you from August 14, 1887?" "On the Dutch Atlantic ocean," I said, "en route for Europe." "Were you on the French steamer La Gasconne?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Then," he said slowly, "you are the man I am largely indebted to for saving my life." "You interest me," I said, "for I did not know that I had a credit in this or any other work or thing of human life." "You will remember," he said, "that late on the evening of the 11th of August, at the stern of the boat, you and I had a talk, and you said you were home-gotten through with your business in Germany and could return home. I replied that I expected when I returned home it would be in a box, and that I wished that I was in the bottom of the furrow made in the water by the keel of our ship. He said, 'You must be the man that I have heard of.' 'Ghost,' he said. 'The same man,' he said, 'and you will remember introducing me to Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, a physician, who, you said was the most wonderful specialist in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases the earth has ever produced.' I remember the incident well. Dr. Flower and his secretary were passing on La Gasconne, and in introducing you I told you that if any man could help you, Dr. Flower was the man. After I was examined by Dr. Flower, my troubles, as I had told you, were consumption, Bright's disease, catarrh of the bladder, and a host of other ailments, and my limbs had swelled to the size of my body nearly. I had been given up as incurable by the leading physicians of France and New York, and had been sent abroad, as I knew, as to die away from home. Dr. Flower in his wonderful examination, told me all the diseases I had, and he said that he would cure me. He said that he would cure me in one hour without asking me a question. He told me a thing, I made up my mind immediately that Dr. Flower was the doctor I needed. He did not belong to the ordinary class of doctors, and was a man of culture, of great knowledge and rare attainments, and that his wonderful diagnosis of my case was nothing less than a miraculous demonstration of his supernatural power from a superior brain. I placed myself immediately under his care. He seemed to have everything I needed with him. During his three-hour examination in Paris and London I visited him frequently. I rapidly improved and was turning to San Francisco. I continued my treatment for four or five months and was permanently cured. If it had not been for Dr. Flower I should have been a dead man ten years ago, and in place of having a family of four boys and three fatherless girls would have been struggling for sustenance, and if it had not been for you I never would have met Dr. Flower. He has done more for me than I can tell. He has given me a new life, and I shall ever sound the praises of Dr. Flower in the sick room, as he has done. I have sung them at the Golden Gate."

I spent a lovely evening with my friend of the ocean voyage, and before retiring last night I made up my mind as he had entered into newspaper work, I would investigate Dr. R. C. Flower's practice in Connecticut, and that if it showed the same wonderful examinations and miraculous cures and bore the same charmed history that the cure of Philo E. Brosius of San Francisco bears, I would give it to the world as the most fascinating narrative of true interest and charm, and second, that the sick may know where to find help when all others had failed.

INVESTIGATION BEGINS.

"Procuring the names of a few of Dr. R. C. Flower's patients and from these patients hearing of others, I began an investigation of his practice which all critics will confess is phenomenal if not miraculous. Judge Dwight Loomis, 278 Farmington avenue, Hartford, Conn., when asked what he thought of Dr. R. C. Flower, said promptly, in his concise and pointed way, 'I regard Dr. R. C. Flower as the ablest and most wonderful physician of his age and in every way a remarkable and wonderful man. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick.'"

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

ADVERTISING FOR A COFFIN.

Hundreds of others voice Judge Loomis' sentiments. Sumner L. Deane, 119 Capitol avenue, Hartford, Conn., proprietor of Hotel Brainerd, said in answer to the question as to what he knew of Dr. Flower's treatment and cure of the sick: "I had Bright's disease of the kidney. Doctors for months with the best physicians in Hartford, and grew rapidly worse all the time. My physician informed me that my days were numbered, and that I could not live more than three weeks. Satisfied that it was all over with me, and wishing to save what means I had for my family, I advertised in the Courant to exchange some large show cases I had left in my store."

FOR A COFFIN.

"Just at this time Dr. R. C. Flower made a professional visit to Hartford. As it happened, however, that I was and some of my friends carried me to the Adams House to see Dr. Flower. Without asking me a question the doctor told me my ailments, and I was cured. I have since for years past better than I could have told him. Three leading city physicians had just held a consultation over me and said with one voice that I was suffering from Bright's disease, and that I had four days to live. I was in the last stage of Bright's disease, not a drop of red blood in my veins, my urine nearly solid albumen, a jelly, and I was monstrously swollen. Dr. Flower said if I could live until he got his medicine to me he believed he could cure me. He telephoned my order to his local office, and the next morning my medicines arrived, but I had gone down rapidly during the night, and the next morning was at death's door. My family doctor said I could not live until night. My wife began pouring Dr. Flower's medicines down me in a good wifely way. It was a terrible race between death and life, but thank God, I had Dr. Flower on my side and by night I was better. I continued to improve and in a few months I was cured. My friends said that if there was ever a miracle my case was one. I was actually buried in the jaws of the grave after I had been chilled and numbed with the touch of death. Dr. Flower is the greatest man the great doctor on this earth. I have sent several of my sick friends to him, and he has cured them in the same miraculous way."

The above is from an article which was recently published in the Hartford (Conn.) Courant. It created no end of excitement at the time, and the more it is investigated the greater will be the excitement.

Dr. Flower's cures, which for nearly a generation has excited the sick of the world, have increased during the last year greater than ever. A famous author writes of Dr. Flower's cures: "The wonderful success was the topic of conversation at almost every New England breakfast table. That but few New Englanders were not made happy by his marvelous cures, and that he loved one after they had been given up by others to die. Never before in the history of Dr. Flower's practice had he had the great success in his life. His ability to tell any sick person their disease without asking a question, but by the touch of his hand, puts him at the very head of the profession in the treatment of all chronic troubles, no matter of how long standing."

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad company said sixteen years ago, after he had been cured by Dr. Flower: "I have been cured by Dr. Flower. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick."

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

ADVERTISING FOR A COFFIN.

Hundreds of others voice Judge Loomis' sentiments. Sumner L. Deane, 119 Capitol avenue, Hartford, Conn., proprietor of Hotel Brainerd, said in answer to the question as to what he knew of Dr. Flower's treatment and cure of the sick: "I had Bright's disease of the kidney. Doctors for months with the best physicians in Hartford, and grew rapidly worse all the time. My physician informed me that my days were numbered, and that I could not live more than three weeks. Satisfied that it was all over with me, and wishing to save what means I had for my family, I advertised in the Courant to exchange some large show cases I had left in my store."

FOR A COFFIN.

"Just at this time Dr. R. C. Flower made a professional visit to Hartford. As it happened, however, that I was and some of my friends carried me to the Adams House to see Dr. Flower. Without asking me a question the doctor told me my ailments, and I was cured. I have since for years past better than I could have told him. Three leading city physicians had just held a consultation over me and said with one voice that I was suffering from Bright's disease, and that I had four days to live. I was in the last stage of Bright's disease, not a drop of red blood in my veins, my urine nearly solid albumen, a jelly, and I was monstrously swollen. Dr. Flower said if I could live until he got his medicine to me he believed he could cure me. He telephoned my order to his local office, and the next morning my medicines arrived, but I had gone down rapidly during the night, and the next morning was at death's door. My family doctor said I could not live until night. My wife began pouring Dr. Flower's medicines down me in a good wifely way. It was a terrible race between death and life, but thank God, I had Dr. Flower on my side and by night I was better. I continued to improve and in a few months I was cured. My friends said that if there was ever a miracle my case was one. I was actually buried in the jaws of the grave after I had been chilled and numbed with the touch of death. Dr. Flower is the greatest man the great doctor on this earth. I have sent several of my sick friends to him, and he has cured them in the same miraculous way."

The above is from an article which was recently published in the Hartford (Conn.) Courant. It created no end of excitement at the time, and the more it is investigated the greater will be the excitement.

Dr. Flower's cures, which for nearly a generation has excited the sick of the world, have increased during the last year greater than ever. A famous author writes of Dr. Flower's cures: "The wonderful success was the topic of conversation at almost every New England breakfast table. That but few New Englanders were not made happy by his marvelous cures, and that he loved one after they had been given up by others to die. Never before in the history of Dr. Flower's practice had he had the great success in his life. His ability to tell any sick person their disease without asking a question, but by the touch of his hand, puts him at the very head of the profession in the treatment of all chronic troubles, no matter of how long standing."

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad company said sixteen years ago, after he had been cured by Dr. Flower: "I have been cured by Dr. Flower. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick."

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

ADVERTISING FOR A COFFIN.

Hundreds of others voice Judge Loomis' sentiments. Sumner L. Deane, 119 Capitol avenue, Hartford, Conn., proprietor of Hotel Brainerd, said in answer to the question as to what he knew of Dr. Flower's treatment and cure of the sick: "I had Bright's disease of the kidney. Doctors for months with the best physicians in Hartford, and grew rapidly worse all the time. My physician informed me that my days were numbered, and that I could not live more than three weeks. Satisfied that it was all over with me, and wishing to save what means I had for my family, I advertised in the Courant to exchange some large show cases I had left in my store."

FOR A COFFIN.

"Just at this time Dr. R. C. Flower made a professional visit to Hartford. As it happened, however, that I was and some of my friends carried me to the Adams House to see Dr. Flower. Without asking me a question the doctor told me my ailments, and I was cured. I have since for years past better than I could have told him. Three leading city physicians had just held a consultation over me and said with one voice that I was suffering from Bright's disease, and that I had four days to live. I was in the last stage of Bright's disease, not a drop of red blood in my veins, my urine nearly solid albumen, a jelly, and I was monstrously swollen. Dr. Flower said if I could live until he got his medicine to me he believed he could cure me. He telephoned my order to his local office, and the next morning my medicines arrived, but I had gone down rapidly during the night, and the next morning was at death's door. My family doctor said I could not live until night. My wife began pouring Dr. Flower's medicines down me in a good wifely way. It was a terrible race between death and life, but thank God, I had Dr. Flower on my side and by night I was better. I continued to improve and in a few months I was cured. My friends said that if there was ever a miracle my case was one. I was actually buried in the jaws of the grave after I had been chilled and numbed with the touch of death. Dr. Flower is the greatest man the great doctor on this earth. I have sent several of my sick friends to him, and he has cured them in the same miraculous way."

The above is from an article which was recently published in the Hartford (Conn.) Courant. It created no end of excitement at the time, and the more it is investigated the greater will be the excitement.

Dr. Flower's cures, which for nearly a generation has excited the sick of the world, have increased during the last year greater than ever. A famous author writes of Dr. Flower's cures: "The wonderful success was the topic of conversation at almost every New England breakfast table. That but few New Englanders were not made happy by his marvelous cures, and that he loved one after they had been given up by others to die. Never before in the history of Dr. Flower's practice had he had the great success in his life. His ability to tell any sick person their disease without asking a question, but by the touch of his hand, puts him at the very head of the profession in the treatment of all chronic troubles, no matter of how long standing."

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad company said sixteen years ago, after he had been cured by Dr. Flower: "I have been cured by Dr. Flower. I was a very sick man, and I was cured, and was treated by several prominent physicians, but grew constantly worse. My friends became alarmed at my condition and urged me to consult Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was told that Dr. Flower could tell me my troubles better than I could tell him, without asking me a question. I did not believe that there was anything of the kind, but as other physicians had failed to help me and I was growing rapidly worse, I decided to consult Dr. Flower. Upon one of his visits to the Adams house in Boston, I called upon him. A great crowd of people were waiting to see him. In time my turn came. Imagine my surprise when the doctor, without asking me a question, told me all my troubles better than I could have told him. I knew that I was in the presence of a man who was great in his profession, who understood the human body and that he understood my ailments. I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment and soon began to improve. My improvement was rapid and permanent, and in a few months I was cured. I have sent several of my friends to Dr. Flower, and he has examined and cured them in the same wonderful way. I never fail to recommend Dr. Flower to the sick."

Words of praise from Judge Loomis' lips are not idle words, as every man in Connecticut knows. For years he was the foremost of the Connecticut bar, and for twenty years he was on the supreme bench of the State. No man stands higher intellectually or as a man of integrity than Judge Loomis. He is a man of the evening of his life, as he bears the silence and sleep which comes to all, says what he says of Dr. R. C. Flower, and in saying so speaks from actual knowledge. It means that the sick and dying in this world find in Dr. Flower a physician who cures when help has failed them from all other services.

ADVERTISING FOR A COFFIN.

Hundreds of others voice Judge Loomis' sentiments. Sumner L. Deane, 119 Capitol avenue, Hartford, Conn., proprietor of Hotel Brainerd, said in answer to the question as to what he knew of Dr. Flower's treatment and cure of the sick: "I had Bright's disease of the kidney. Doctors for months with the best physicians in Hartford, and grew rapidly worse all the time. My physician informed me that my days were numbered, and that I could not live more than three weeks. Satisfied that it was all over with me, and wishing to save what means I had for my family, I advertised in the Courant to exchange some large show cases I had left in my store."

FOR A COFFIN.

"Just at this time Dr. R. C. Flower made a professional visit to Hartford. As it happened, however, that I was and some of my friends carried me to the Adams House to see Dr. Flower. Without asking me a question the doctor told me my ailments, and I was cured. I have since for years past better than I could have told him. Three leading city physicians had just held a consultation over me and said with one voice that I was suffering from Bright's disease, and that I had four days to live. I was in the last stage of Bright's disease, not a drop of red blood in my veins, my urine nearly solid albumen, a jelly, and I was monstrously swollen. Dr. Flower said if I could live until he got his medicine to me he believed he could cure me. He telephoned my order to his local office, and the next morning my medicines arrived, but I had gone down rapidly during the night, and the next morning was at death's door. My family doctor said I could not live until night. My wife began pouring Dr. Flower's medicines down me in a good wifely way. It was a terrible race between death and life, but thank God, I had Dr. Flower on my side and by night I was better. I continued to improve and in a few months I was cured. My friends said that if there was ever a miracle my case was one. I was actually buried in the jaws of the grave after I had been chilled and numbed with the touch of